K.Edw. I, if thou ſay I to my requeſt,
No, if thou ſay no to my demand.
Lady. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendome.
K.Edw. Her lookes are all repleate with maieſty,
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my Queene.
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.
Lady. Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, I ſpeake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.
Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K.Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſons ſhold call you father.
K.Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer, 'twas for ſhift.
K.Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If I ſhould marry her.
Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?
K.Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extremes.
K.Edw. Well, ieaſt on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute is granted for her hus

Ent

Meſſ. And it pleaſe you
Taken, and brought as pri
K.Edw. Away with him,
And lets go queſtion with
His apprehenſion. Lords al
This Lady honourably.

Manet Glo

Glo. I, *Edward* will vſe w
Would he were waſted, ma
That from his loynes no iſſ
To hinder me from the gol
For I am not yet lookt on in
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Claren*
And his ſonne, and all they
Of their loynes, ere I can pl
A cold premeditation for m
What other pleaſure is there
I will go clad my body in ga
And lull my ſelfe within a L
And witch ſweet Ladies wit
Oh monſtrous man, to harb
Why loue did ſcorne me in n
And for I ſhould not deale in
She did corrupt fraile nature
And plac'd an enuious mount
Where ſits deformity to mo
To dry mine arme vp like a w
To make my legs of an vnequ
And am I then a man to be be
Eaſier for me to compaſſe tw
Tut I can ſmile, and murder w
I cry content, to that which g
I can adde colours to the Cam

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